wore an arm in a sling.

The Poet of the Sierras.

High Play at Fare.

A great sitting at faro bank ended in the

Bluffs at 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon. The

player was "Stub" Wilson, a gambling man

who once ran a house in Omaha, and the

place was Dan Carrig's. The play began

A Rich Labor Organization.

The new hall of the Window-Glass Work-

ers will cost \$75,000 and will be equal, if not

superior to the famous "Poverty Palace"

owned by the General Order of the Knights

He Could Detend Himselt.

## WHO HAS 15?

Lists Open for the Mother of the Greatest Number of Living Children.

Ties on Thirteen and Fourteen for "The Evening World's" Prizes.

New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken Mothers Are Eligible.

One Hundred Dollar Gold Certificate to the mother having the greatest number of living children.

A Fifty-Dollar Silver Certificate to the mother of the second largest family of living children. A Twenty-Dollar Gold Piece as a conso

lation prize to the preud mother of the third largest brood of children These prizes are to the mothers.

The competition is to be covered by the following

CONDITIONS: Every mother entering her offspring must live in the metropolis consisting of New York, Brook.

lyn, Jersey City and Hoboken. Only living children will be counted. The mother must send to the editor of THE EVENING WORLD her own full name and nationality: her name before marriage; her age; the tate and place of her marriage; the name and cor of the father or fathers of her children and

date of its birth and present residence. Contentends neust write upon one side of the paper only. Accompanying this statement the mother should send a brief note from some well-known person, the the minister or priest, the family physician or the Alderman of the ward, stating that he knows or believes the statement to be true,

their nationality; the full name of each child, the

Thirteen, Including Triplets.

Wishing to compete for your generous prizes to mothers, I have the honor of saying that my name is Mrs. Maggie Sutphen, restdence 40 Jane street. I am an American, born in Philadelphia; am forty-eight years of age; name before marriage, Maggie Dev-lin. I was married at Paterson, N. J., Feb. 21, 1859. My husband's name is Melville Sutphen, also an American. Our children Thoma- Sutphen, resides at West Brighton

Hooma-Sutphen, resides at West Prighton Hotel, Coney Island: born Dec. 16, 1860. Content Minten Sutphen, resides at Fair Haven, N. J.: born Feb. 15, 1863. Mary Adel Murdoch, resides at 1424 Ninth avenue; born Feb. 15, 1865. Melville Sutphen, of 40 Jane street, born Sept. 15, 1866.

Sept. 15, 1866. Edward Hulshaw Sutphen, of 40 Jane

Annie Stuart Sutphen, of 40 Jane street, horn April 9, 1870.

Maggie Sutphen, of 40 Jane street, born Dec. 17, 1871.

Maude Sutphen, of 40 Jane street, born June 21, 1873. Jennie Sutphen, of 40 Jane street, born John Sutphen, of 48 Jane street, born Dec.

Belle Sutphen, of 40 Jane street, born Oct. Sadie Sutphen, of 40 Jane street, born Jan.

, 1880. Kittle Sutphen, of 40 Jane street, born Oct. , 1883. Mns. Maggir Surphen, July 29. 40 Jane street. 11, 1883.

July 29.

I take pleasure in certifying to the truth of the above and would add that John D. Sutphen, born December, 1876, was one of triplets all born alive.

STEPHEN W. Roor, M. D.,
Attending Physician.

Attending Physician.

Claims of the Peysers. I am thirty-two years old and the mother of nine children, eight of which are living. They are healthy and strong. Five are boys and three are girls. My name before marriage was Fanny Hart, born in Poland, Jan.

I was married in New York to Isaac Peyser, July 26, 1876. My husband is Isaac Peyser, forty-two years old, of same country. We

all live in Brooklyn at 298 Grand street. The names of children are:
Samuel Peyser, born June 2, 1877.
Jacob Peyser, born Sept. 28, 1880.
Annie Peyser, born Bept. 28, 1889.
Morris Peyser, born Dec. 2, 1881.
Nettie Peyser, born Dec. 2, 1881.
Nettie Peyser, born July 19, 1884.
Benjamin Peyser, born Oct. 18, 1885.
Theodore Peyser, born Feb. 22, 1886.
Ida Peyser, born July 13, 1888.
For proof see our family physician, Dr.
Fuhs, 239 Hewes street, Brooklyn.
Mrs. Farny Peyser.
298 Grand street, Brooklyn. Aug. 5.

Another Mother of Thirteen. I am the mother of seventeen children thir-

teen living and four dead. I am of French parents, born in Havre. France. Nov. 15, 1843. My maiden name was Victoria Klein. The father of my children is William Frey,

The father of my children is William Frey, born June 15, 1832, in New York. We were married Feb. 1, 1856, by Rev. Father Eberhardt, in Third street. The names of the inving children are:

Mary Frey, born Jan. 10, 1861.

Annie, Nov. 6, 1862.
Henry, Jan. 14, 1865.
William, Sept. 8, 1886.
Joseph. Aug. 11, 1868.
John, May 8, 1870.
Susan, July 25, 1872.
Charles, Dec. 30, 1873.
Jacob, Dec. 20, 1875.
Elizabeth, Nov. 17, 1877.
Maggie, Nov. 30, 1880.
Frank, Feb. 22, 1882.
Victoria, Dec. 14, 1880.
All live at home, 242 Stanton atreet, Aug. 8.
Mrs. Victoria, Frey.
Above indorsed by Louisa Fischer, 603 Fifth street.

Twelve Alive and Healthy. I am the mother of thirteen children, of whom one is dead and twelve are living.

603 Fifth street

I was born in Germany. My maiden name was Esther Isones. My husband, Simon

was Esther Isaacs. My husband, Simon Jacobs, was also born in Germany. My children were all born in New York as follows: Ike Jacobs, born Dec. 14, 1870.
Jake, Feb. 18, 1871.
Yetta, Dec. 9, 1873.
Beckie, March 6, 1874.
Joseph, Oct. 14, 1875.
Abie, Aug. 6, 1877.
Mollie, Jan. 16, 1879.
Willie, Nov. 4, 1881.
Nettie, May 1, 1884.
Nathan, Nov. 30, 1887.
Harry, Nov. 27, 1888.
Hannah, Feb. 22, 1889.
They are all living in New York and are all healthy.
Aug. 6.
25 Hester street.

Another Swindle.



"Humph! Seven dollars fer about the meanest crab nets I ever did see."

> No Time. (From the Detroit Free Press )

He entered a store on Michigan avenue the other day, walked straight up to the proprietor, and in a voice chuckful of business, he queried: Can you give me fifteen minutes of your

time, sir? time, sir."
"No. sir." was the reply.
"Can you spare me ten minutes to investigate the merits of my flying-machine?"

"I cannot."
"Will you give me five minutes in which to convince you that you ought to subscribe for ten shares of my stock?"

"No, sir."
"Good-day. I like a man of business. I fly.

It Walked.

| Burdette in Brooklyn Engle, 1 "Have you any second-hand typewriter you'd like to sell?" asked the peddler.

"No," replied the merchaht, "but I've

one I'll give away."
"What's wrong with it?"
"Chews gum and spells dozen 'uzz." Ewing, Ward, Gore, and Connor Are admirers and indorsers of Williams' Indoor Game. Spalding, Peck & Snyder and dealers generally.

TALK OF THE STAGE WORLD.

In a place of not over refined amusement I found my idol and ideal surrounded by a crowd of sporting characters, and watching a brutal exhibition of the roughest sport. What to me, as a man about town, is allowable, is to you, an artist, to be shuddered at." Crane didn't like the letter and attended another slugging match next night. He got another letter, and for a mount received a communication each morning. It thoroughly unnerved him, and he was just gettime desperate when he received a last letter. It was signed by the comedian Louis Harrison. Crane had worked himself up into a "state of m id." as anonym us of the prosaic sarsaparilla millionsire, and the charming Oberon of Augustin Day's " Midsummer-Night's Dream," is married, and is said to be touring the watering-places at the said to be said to be touring the watering-places at the said to be touring the watering-places at the said to be touring the watering-places at the said to be touring the said to be touring the said to be touring the said to be said to be touring the said to said to be touring the watering-places at the present time with her husband, a rich young Washington man. Muss Hood's friends believed that the young lady was busy making her arrangements to go to Europe, where, according to a programme she had mapped out, she was to study for a year and then rejoin Mr. Daly's organization. Miss Hood's contemplated trip has never been made, and Miss Hood exists no more, to make it. The young actress had never been upon the stage until she became a member of Daly's company, two seasons ago. She did very good work indeed as Oberon in "A Midaummer-Night's Dream." She accompanied Mr. Daly's company to London, and was seen at the close of the season just ended in several of the subscription revivals. She did not go to San Francisco. Mr. Daly's young women are matrimonially in great request.

Ed Poiand's play, "Strictly Confidential," is being read by Roland Reed at the present time. Mr. Poland got the name, which, it will be admitted, is a good title for a farce comedy, from a headline in Thi. World, He has been made an offer from Mr. Bernstein, the husband of Vernona Jarbeau.

It is said that the perpetual Lydia Thompson is to return to us next sesson, and that a tour is already being booked for her in this country. Miss Thompson is going to eschew extravaganza, and this time will appear in a extravaganza, and this time will appear in a sort of Rosma Vokes entertainment. Miss Thompson still has plenty of chie and may do well. She will have an English company, and it is to produce two London successes—one entitled "Hamlet: or, Charity," a little burlesque-comedietta; the other is a sketch introduced by Mrs. Bancroft. Miss Thompson is not going to trust herself to Mr. M. B. Leavitt's management this time. She is to manage herself, and she is a pretty, smart woman of business. woman of business.

W. T. Carleton is to produce next season "La Felle Helene," "Nanon," and, in all probability, "The Brigands." He will be business managed by young Mr. Edgar Stra-tosche

Gossio has it that Augustin Daly and Miss Ada Rehan will sail for France on Saturday, Mr. Daly to purchase scenery for his coming production of "Roger la Honte," Miss Re-han to buy dresses.

Miss Harriet Avery Strakosch, the young singer who married Edgar Strakosch in Canada under rather romantic circumstances, is now singing with the American Opera Company. She is under contract to Col. McCaull, in whose "May Queen" she appeared, but is free during the Summer to accept another engagement. She has been singing Marguerite in "Faust," in "Mignon," "Fra Diavolo," "Maritana" and "The Bohemian Girl." After all this Miss Avery finds herself cast for the small part in "Clover" now sung by Carrie Burton—the part of Florine. She is not at all happy.

Charles Townsend has finished a book on the art of writing plays. —Exchange.

Won't somebody please finish a book on the art of not writing plays?

Miss Ella Winthrop, who was last season with Effic Elisler, has been engaged to play the part of Dearest in the Australian produc-tion of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." She will leave Aug. 17 for San Francisco, and go thence to New Zealand. The company will open in Melbourne, Nov. 17, having pre-viously appeared in New Zealand.

William H. Crane tells of some letters of advice, anonymously sent, that he received last season. It is not generally known that Mr. Crane is a great lover of athletic sports, and of what he calls gladiatorial games. Last sand of what he calls gladiatorial games. Last season, when in Philadelphia, he found that at a certain variety theatre a series of contests with the ploves were given each night at about 11 o'clock. As soon, therefore, as the curtain had fallen upon his own performance, he would make a bee-tine for the variety theatre. One morning he got a letter signed "An Ardent Admirer." The writer said that he had followed Crane's career for years with interest. "What was career for years with interest. "What was take the content of the said that he had followed Crane's career for years with interest. "What was take the content of the said that he had followed Crane's career for years with interest."

Miss Cora Van Tossell opens her season
Ang. 31 in Eanses City.

The five man wise are to be nanged in the
Seemed to be in excellent health, though he
seemed to be in excellent health, though he ground tier of the old orison in the Tombs. When an Evening World reporter colled

The one hundredth performance of "Clover" at Palmer's Theatre, of "The Brigands" at the Casino, and of "The Colai," at the Broadway are all about to be celebrated. The success of all three productions has been very great, and the three managements are so well satisfied that not the least throat-cutting has been attempted.

When an Evening World reporter celled to see them this morning they were out at exercise in the corridor.

They walked up and down listlessly, and did not seem to pay any attention to anything about. Lewis, the colored man who murdered his mistress, is the most cheerful, and at the same time the most friendless, one

The Poet of the Sierras.

[From the Milesukes Seaturel.]

At Duluth the party had the unexpected pleasure of meeting Joacuin Miller, the eccentric California poet and author. He happened to stop in Duluth on his way East, and when his identity was discovered was very soon made the central figure of an informal reception in the office of the elegant new Spating Hotel. Mr. Miller looks just as one would expect him to look. He is tall and weird in appearance, Long locks of light-colored bair fall upon his shoulders, but the top and front of his head are shinningly baild. His features are strong, his eyes sharp and unsetted in appearance, and when his tall figure is drawn to its full height, disclosed forest the top and front of his head are shinning that all figure is drawn to its full height, disclosed as street patent meedicine aggregation. But in conversation his vo ce is soft and low, and has a downward cadence that is particularly taking. A laciy who was seated near him at times he is very blunt and abrupit. When I asked him if any one were travelling with him he said quickly and somewhat hastily.

"No, I never have anybody travel with me; I wouldn't have it." To a young lady who was born in Denmark, Sweden, and wired. He seems to think that he was introduced to him his conversation during the banquet. But times he is very blunt and abrupit. When I asked him if any one were travelling with him he said quickly and somewhat hastily.

"No, I never have anybody travel with me; I wouldn't have it." To a young lady who was born in Denmark, Sweden, and murdered a wintered and strong and steniar and strong and steniar and strong and streng him the same time the most friend who cares enough habout him to go and see him. He spends his time whistling and string Southern Respends his time whistling and streng and st

dress, he looks as if he might be a lecturer for a street patent medicine aggregation. But in conversation his voice is soft and low, and has a downward cadence that is particularly taking. A lady who was seated near him at table said he was sweetly sentimental in his conversation during the banquet. But at times he is very blunt and abrupt. When I asked him if any one were travelling with him he said quickly and somewhat hastily; "No, I never have anybody travel with me; I wouldn't have it." To a young lady who was introduced to him his first question bluntly made, was: "What do you do?" But the young lady was equal to the occasion, for she saucily replied: "I do as I please whenever I can," whereupon the poet dropped a good deal of his eccentricity and became an ordinary sort of a man.

Carolin was born in Denmark, Sweden, and murdered a woman who lived with him as his wite. He seems to think that he was found guilty just because he was a poor man, and yet he has hope of having his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

He does not read English, and uses his spare time in drawing.

He is an excellent artist, and has made some fine sketches of holy pictures, such as the Crucifixion and Mary Magdelen. He generally gives them away to Sisters of Charity, priests, or the keeper in charge of the tier.

Keeper Frank Smith, has several very artis Reeper Frank Smith, has several very artistic drawings in pen and ink, done by Carolin. Charles Giblin, who shot and killed Madeline Goelz, the baker's wife, is perhaps the quietest and most gentiemanly one of the five. He devotes his time to writing.

He has prepared a history of his case, which he will not give for publication until after his death, that is, if he does die on the day named.

place was Dan Carrigs. The play began Friday at noon, and Wilson was kept within no limit. He began operations by placing his money in \$37.50 and \$75 bets. After playing a time he "pre-sed" his money, and his bets ran up to \$125 and \$250. He was losing gradually, and at midnight \$6,700 of Wilson's money had passed into the box under the layout. He then began to play named. Howe & Hummel, his lawyers, hope to get him a new trial.

Giblin has a wife and a child, which was born since his arrest. It is a touching sight to see the meeting between the trio when the mother and child call to see him. Giblin is

markers, and at 5 A. M. \$2,000 of his promises to pay had slipped into the possession of the banker. At this bour Wilson had become tired and sleepy, and lay down to rest. At 8 o'clock he arose and sat down to the table again. By an hour before noon he had re-deemed his markers and quit the game \$6,700 loss?

mother and child call to see him. Giblin is noted for his neatness.

All the men eat and sleep well,
They retire for the night about 10 o'clack, and arise about 7. They then have breakfast served to them.

They order what they please, but are not permitted to use knives, forks or spoons, or anything with which they might kill themselves, if they desired.

Looking-glasses, pitchers, everything of that sort, has been taken out of their cells, so that they have no opportunity of committing suicide.

ting suicide.

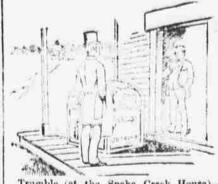
The keepers say they do not think they
would if they could. Deputy Warden Finley
has detailed Keepers John Casey and John
McCaffrey as a special guard over the murof Labor in Philadelphia. Among the very richest labor unions and the most successful in other respects must be reckoned the Window-Glass Workers.

derers.
These gentlemen never lose sight of the There stood in the dock a big, burly arremoved to the open wire cage, the invention of Warden Osborne, and kept there under constant surveillance by two deputy sheriffs until the day of their execution. At present every one of them except Pack-enham hopes and believes that something

will occur to save them the ignominious death on the scaffold. No one outside their immediate relatives are permitted to visit the prisoners.

QUAINT AND WITTY CONCEITS WHICH DROP FROM THEIR PENS.

Space Valuable.



Trumble (at the Snake Creek House)-What do you charge for first class accommodations? Clerk Well, we will board you for fif-teen dollars, but if yer sleeps in yer trunk, we knocks off tree dollars a week.

> But Little Choice. St. Louis Man (to New Orleans man)-Got

any vellow fever in your town yet? New Orleans Man-No, but we have the Salvation Army.

"I say, Kaynine, what's become of that bright deg you were; oing to train?" " Haven't you leard? Why the brilliant little rascal trained himself."

His Marringrable Age.

"Is it possible?"
"Yes, indeed. You'll find his remains scattered over the railroad tracks at Ludiow."

to make the girls happiest.

De Sappy—Aw, at what age would yaw advise me to mawwy. Musa Sharpeleigh?" Miss Sharpeleigh-At non-age if you wish

Bagley So Pailey has turned over a new eaf in regard to drink, ch? He never drank

Peterby—No, but he does now, That's where the new leaf comes in. In New Jersey.

Prom LUe. 1 "How're yer chills?"

" Awful."

very hard.

"So are mine."
"Shake,"
(They shake.)

A Clear Arrangement. (From the Omaha World.)
First Omahan—If it rains in the forenoon

I'll meet you in the afternoon. Second Omahan But what if it should rain in the afternoon?
First Omahan—Then I'll meet you in the

Not in Emgy

Tenderfoot—What did the boys do about that horse-stealing case? Arizona Joe — Hung the thief, stranger, Tendertoot—In effigy, I suppose, Arizona Joe — Naw! In that patch o' woods over yander.

The Same Old Excuse. (From Time. 1

Judge-Prisoner, you are found guilty of ssaulting an officer while you were in an intoxicated condition. Have you anything to say before the Court passes sentence upon

you? The The Prisoner (meekly)—Please Your Honor, I didn't know I was loaded.

Rest for the Weary.

Freespeech-I see Dr. Loudly's Church hrs given him a three months' vacation.

Fogg-Why, does he need so long a rest? "No-but if you have ever heard him, you'd know how his congregation does."

Changed Itls Opinion.

Falls, as he walked away from his wife six

FANCIES OF THE FUNNY MEN. weeks sgo. The other day she was left a legacy of \$40,000, and William hurried home to call her his angel one, but she wouldn't let

A Substitute for Food.

"I wish you would help me a little," said the tramp. "I haven't eaten anything for two days."
"H'm!" returned old Grinder. "Pm opposed to giving money promiscuously on the
street, but if you i ke this string and tie it
round you tightly you won't feel so empty."

Wanted, a Confident Rival.

[Four As Merchant transfer ]

Can you play power? " asked a tourist of travelling man who was occupying the

" Well," said the traveller, in a hesitating tome, "I den't exactly peac. I and re and a nittle about the ground but I will try a couple

the about the game, but I will try a couple of bands with you if you like.

"No," said the tranger, eastively. "Prechanged my mind. It hasn't been two weeks since I tacked a man wno didn't think he could play."

At the Dentist's.

(From Town Topics.)
Assistant (learning the bu-iness) -is there any sure way of telling whether a tooth is sound? sound?

Dentist—Yes. Hit it with your hammer.

If the patient knocks you down you may infer that the tooth is decayed and pull it out.

Killing Two Birds.

Aunt Hetty-Well, Juliet, did you marry Juliet - We l, I should smile! And I cut out Annie Wilson, too.

SHAKEN, BROILED AND DRENCHED.

These are three participles of English grammar. They are also the the three successive conditions undergone very day, every other day, or every third day, by the planny wretch head as enough to allow fever and ague to fasten its clutch upon him. No need of %none. Hostetter's Stomach Butters will and does preserve those who use it from every type of malarial dis-ease, whether intermittent or billous resultant. For meanly thirty-live years it has been a professionally resmajority they ware it has been a provisionally recognized specific for and oreventive of these tenacious maladies, not only on our own soil, but in tropical and equatorial lands where the scourge is prevalent at all seasons and in its worst forms. Bilicousness, dyspepsis, rheumatism, kidney complaint, nercousness and debility are also also alments to the complete removal of which the littless one seasons demonstrated its advances. the litters long since demonstrated its adequacy.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

FROM ATTLEBORO, MASS. OUR BABY IS always ready for WAGNER'S INFANT FOOD (NUTRITIVUM)."
E. E. CHASE, Attleboro, Mass.
The great German Milk Food.
For sale by all druggists. 35 cents.

AVOID HARSH PURGATIVE PILLS. THEY make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and cure you. AMUSEMENTS.

BLIOU THEATRE, B.WAY, NEAR 30TH ST.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
SUCCESS. The New Farce Comedy. MUCCESS.
By Will R. Wilson and Julius A. Lewis.

THE LION AND THE LAMB. New Scenery and Effects.

A Strong Cast.

TRIBUNE — It has a bright and clever dialogus, "
Gallery, Moc. Reserved, 50c., 75c., \$1 and \$1.50.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Corner 41st st. Francis Wilson | Fourth | THE OOLAH.
and company. | Month. | New York's greatest comic opera hit. PALMER, THEATRE, Broadway & 30th on CAULL MCCAULL COMPANY.

MATINEES SATURDAY

MATINEES SATURDAY.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE

BOOTLES'S BABY.

A FOUR ACT COMEDY, BY HUGH MOSS.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCENT HUGH MOSS.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCENT HUGH MOSS.

HANDITTII

OR LAMBUIN CORSICA

MATINEES, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY

MANHATTAN BEACH MORISON ASSECTACIO GRAVUELLE WORKS NEW ASSECTA STEEL

CASINO BRIGANDS.
Continuous Roof Garden Concert, 7, 30 to 12.
Admission 50 cents, including both entertainments.

TONY PASTORS THEATRE 14TH ST. Mr. J. Z. LITTLE in new play PASTOR. A romantic play of American life Manner, TURSDAY, FRIDAY. F14 PS 8 188 SULLIVAN & KILFAIN EDEN MÜSEE

Changed Ills Opinion.

(From the Definit Free Press.)

"I'm treed of living with such a homely woman," exclaimed William Rush, of Niagara Falls, as he walked away from his wife six

19 TH ST. VISIT TO DAY EDISON'S IT WILL NOT ALWAYS BE THERE.

## ON A CYCLONE. A RIDE

Extraordinary Story of a Ranchman's Aerial Experiences.

By W. H. BALLOU.

(Published by Special Arrangement with the Author and Belford, Clarks & Co.)

Baron Porzig, an Idaho ranchman, awakes and finds himself lying on a mattress on the roof of John de Land's house in New York City. The latter has him taken in and cared for, but is lost to believe the Baron's statement that he remembers nothing since retiring the night before on his ranch in New Dresden. Miss de Land endeavors to reason with him, but the Baron sticks to his story.

CHAPTER II. or a week of it, perhaps, with your boon I live, and inquire if they have seen me in companions. Come, now, do not dwell on | New York for months." such absurd fancies, lest your imagination

drive you mad." mad now. I have no boon companions. I town." drink wine only at my meals, and then spar-

We can get a wardrobe for you. I will send Dier the hotel lists,"

fuse thanks. Mr. de Land sent out a mes. merei." During these recitals of the grand- abouts will all come back to you. It was insenger, who soon returned with a file of the est products of his native land, in deed a startling, terrible dream, and the Intily Hotel Reporter containing every arrival fact, of any land, the man's lofti- shock was such that it will require time for at the hotels of New York. A careful scru- est emotions brought him entirely back your mind to assume its normal state. It is they of two weeks of arrivals failed to show to reason, while the ending calmed him be- no unusual thing for New Yorkers to sleep on the time of Baron Franz Porzig.

'Mr. de Land," he said with an an investigation. Can I induce you to con- that I came to New York naturally, and I of reading an account of the France-Prussian conveyed cerbation to the sleeper underneath language of her ancestors. Here were g nor a madman, and you know I will believe effort, "you have been kind enough to begin have just done. I am now ready to believe

tinue it? I will give you a list of those asso-"Baron," said Miss de Land, beginning to clated with me in business in this city, and, faugh, " pardon me if I say that you must in fact, the only people I know in New York. have had an enjoyable night of it somewhere, You can interview them, apprise them that

Baron again sought Miss de Land, as one 'Then," said Mr. de Land, with a fascinated with a spell which would not peculiar warning glance at his daughter, down. She was at the piano playing one of we must investigate the case, and ascer- Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies. He entered How can I convince myself of an alibi? twin where you really did pass the night. I the drawing-room silently and listened. There are a thousand questions like these, propose now that you become our guest until Having finished this she performed the over- dear Mademoiselle. If you have really reture to "Tannhäuser," causing tumultuous stored my reason, perhaps you can offer a for my tailor if you wish, and meantime look emotions in the man. Then, as if inspired, reasonable explanation." she played the grand fantasie of " Die The Baron acquiesced in the plan with pro- Walkure," ending with Schumann's "Trau- the effects of the dream, your recent where-

the past thirty-six hours, which he had believed must be dreams, began to recur to that any woman living, not of the proession, could play those grand works as you

Her face flushed with gratified pleasure. 'This is the highest compliment a woman ever received," she declared. "How could you ever believe that you went to sleep in New Dresden and awoke in New York ?" "It was a singular delusion, was it not?

hope your father will produce the proof."

Do you recall any similar instance of so singular an effect on one's mind, as the result of a mere dream? Certainly I am strong, healthy man. I do not know of any weak minds or constitutions in our family, on either side, as far back as our genealogy goes. There can, then, be no hereditary reason for such a dream or such an effect. Yet I could swear that I went to bed in New Dresden last night or the night before. In this dream I had wonderful experiences. I sailed through the air; I saw the destruction of my ranch and all on it, exactly as depicted in the papers. Can it be that there are occult psychologic forces which affect some susceptible minds, so that under certain comatose conditions they are endowed with a second sight? Now I remember, I dreamed everything that is described in the papers, and more, of the effects of the cyclons "I shall take pleasure in accepting the of which I am supposed to be a victim. If I commission, and as the tailor has arrived I merely dreamed, where did I have the dream, Either what I say is true, or else I am will leave you with him while I go down- and how is it that the correspondents describe me as dead? Did they not, like my-The tailor having been disposed of, the self, believe I was in my house at the time of its destruction? If I was not there, where have I been of late, and how is it I cannot recall being elsewhere than in New Dresden?

"I think, Baron, that as you recover from your further terror. He advanced timidly to their roofs during hot nights, and you, hav-This is mysterious," remarked Mr. this beautiful creature, more beautiful, it ingretired on some house in the vicinity, do Land: " perhaps you were the guest of seemed to him, than woman, and took her naturally moved about under the influence

> But what think you of the dream itself, its accurate picture of actual events ?" "Such dreams, less startling, perhaps, have been recorded. I read of a man who dreamed psychological influence its contents were

hereditary channels." Those are indeed remarkable incidents."

traordinary details of this slaughter by a into error, but that makes it all the more a new and refreshing sleep? You have aged one exception. A single disbelief in me, or

store your weakened brain-cells."

ful than your presence," Mr. John de Land was not idle. He took the list of names which the baron had given him and went to each one personally with the statement which each one declined to believe, namely, that the Baron Porzig was at his house, under his care, awaiting their arrival to identify himself and discuss the loss by cyclone. All laughed at the absurdity of the baron being in New York and alive. However, they were all glad enough to be guests of Mr. John de Land, and accepted without hesitation his invitation to lunch on the following day. Mr. de Land reported the success of his efforts to his family and the general suspicions that the Porzig in hand

might be a fraud. "But, father," pleaded the sympathetic Miss Marie, "so long as his associates are coming here to morrow, let us await the resuits without casting suspicion on this poor man. We have made him our guest, and we saw his hair turn white; this alone ought to convince us that this is the genuine Baron Porzig. His manners, too, are those of a

gentleman and a noblemar. "Well, I have piedged myself to afford him prove to be other than the baron, and I

psychological influences at work through nothing I hear against any one until I have heard both sides of the question. If the person were a friend of mine I should not care said the Baron, humbly, "yet not so remark- even if the undescrable things charged able as mine, in which I dreamed all the ex- against him were true. My friends may fall necessary for me to be true and help them. 'Had you better not retire, Baron, and get | Once a friend I am a friend forever-with much within a few hours, and sleep may re- an act or word against me, and the friend goes out of my life forever. One who 'No doubt it would be best," he mur- is false once will be false again. I mured feebly, not liking to leave her and be believe in being true to those who are alone, "and yet, there is nothing more rest- true to me, and there must be absolute evidence that the friend has not been true to He retired, however, and immediately me before I dismiss the friendship; nor will slept, not awaking until the next day at noon. I even then until the friend has had a chance Left alone, Miss de Land arose and stood for for self-defense. We have taken the baron a moment thinking of his last words, and under our protection, father, on account of then catching sight of herself in a mirror, de- the astounding circumstances which have tected on her face a burning, speaking blush. | thrown him upon our generosity. We mus



SHE DETECTED A BLUSH ON HER PACE. be true to his interests until he prove untrustworthy, which I do not believe he will."

'You are a pecular, proud child, my daughter. I thank you for a lesson in duty; a fair chance, and he shall have it. If he it explains so much that has been inexpireable heretofore in your life. I suppose if you had strongly suspect that he will, I shall turn him a lover and you did not hear from him for years, you would believe him true to you until he himself proved to you that he had

SHE WAS AT THE PIANO, PLAYING ONE OF LISTT'S EHAPSODIES of your dream, finally resting on our house. | war. He awoke to behold the morning paper | it. There is a case also, which I read in the over to the authorities as a madman in need The old terrified look for an instant came "Mademoiselle," he said, with all pol- You should be thankful you did not fall to with the identical headlines, and an account North American Review, of the patient of a of a ward at Bloomingdale." actly as he had dreamed. The servant, it seems, had at an early hour in the morning placed the paper on his bed, and by some paychological influence its contents were conveyed perbatina to the sleeper underneath conveyed perbating to the paper on his bed, and by some placed the paper on his bed, and by some placed the paper on his bed, and by some placed the paper on his bed, and by some placed the paper on his bed, and by some placed the paper on his bed, and by some paper on his bed, and bed and and nothing shall been false."

"He is not in the least dangerous, father."

"I certainly should, father. Above all ment, the lower a fraud—and nothing shall been false."

"I certainly should, father. Above all ment, the le